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Spanish Ladies

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SPANISH LADIES.



FAREWELL and adieu unto you
Spanish ladies,
Farewe'l and adieu to you ladies of Spain
Since we've received orders to sail for old
England,
In hopes in a short time to see you again.

we will rant and we will roar like true
British heroes,
we will rant and we will roar like true
hearts of oak,
Since we struck soundings in the channel
of old England,
From Ushant to Scilly was thirty-five
leagues.

O we hove our ship too, with the wind at
sou' west my boys, we
We hove our ship too, and soundings got
At thirty-five fathom with a white sandy
bottom,
We squared our main yards, and up
channel steer'd we.

O the first light we made it was called the
Deadman, Wight,
The Ramhead. Plymouth, Str Portland,
We sailed past Beachy, by Farley and
Dungeness,
Until we arrived off the South Foreland
light,
O the signal was made for the grand fleet
to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to lay,
It is stand by your stoppers, let go your
shank painter,
Haul up your clue garnets, let fly tacks
and sheets.

Let every man toss off a full bumper
Let every man toss off a full bowl,
For we will drink and be merry and drown
melancholy,
So here's a good health to all true hearty
souls

NORTH OF AMERICA



HODGES, Printer. (from PITT'S.)
Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,
Seven Dials



AS we sailed out of Glasgow, being in
the month of June,
The weather it was warm, and the trees
were in full bloom,
Where thousands from the city came flock-
ing us all round,
And fifty pretty maidens to convey us
through the town.

Then up spoke pretty Polly, I have one
thing more to say,
Dear Captain, don't be cruel, but guard
us o'er the main,
Our Captain answered with a frown, and
said we all must stay on shore,
Our ship she is heavy loaded, and she
can't carry any more.

Then amongst those wild Indians we will
venture our sweet lives,
We will never mind their tomahawks, nor
yet their scalping knives,
We will cut and slash with our broad-
swords, and show them British play,
We will cut down those wild Indians in
the North of America.

As we marched through fields of blood,
where thundering cannons roar,
And many a brave commander lay bleed-
ing in his gore,
And many a brave soldier all on the
ground did lay,
For they were killed and wounded in the
north of America.

It was early the next morning to hear the
soldiers wives,
Lamenting for their husbands, for to hear
their dismal cries,
Our children crying out 'Mother, we will
make them rue the day,
For killing of our daddies in the north of
America.

So to conclude and finish, God bless our
gracious Queen,
And all her brave commanders glad tidings
may they bring,
And to all her brave soldiers, on land as
well as sea,
May heaven protect our army in the
north of America.